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LVMINA



St. Ignatius College : : : : Cleveland, Ohio

Volume One

Number Four

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God at the Front in France

Far across the boundless ocean,
Is a land of strife and war,
Where the sons of men are fighting
'Mid the mighty cannons' roar.

And it happened that one evening,
In a trench along the plain,
They confessed unto an Abbé,
Freed their souls from ev'ry stain.

Then they thought of all the sufferings
That for them their God had borne;
And they eagerly looked forward
To Communion on the morn.

But the Abbé had to leave them—
So he left behind their Lord,
That at dawn they might receive Him
Who upon men graces poured.

All night long the Master stayed there
Through the darkness of the night,
In a hollow tabernacle
Filled with rays of candle-light.

And the men with loving-kindness
Waited on their loving Lord,
Every hour one knelt before Him
While the night-wind loudly roared.

And at dawn one of their number
Gave each man his Heavenly God,
Who doth grant us every favor
And to every wish doth nod.

Thus the God of earth and heaven
Finds protection everywhere;
He is dear to all His children
And He hears their every prayer.

Raymond J. Gray, '18.

Friendship

"Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heav'n and heav'n is love."

Friendship, the tangible embodiment of love, has ever been the master passion of all nations and of all climes, linking man and man together as by a golden chain, and ruling under its kindly sway soldier and statesman, poet and peasant alike. The pages of history are replete with countless examples of perfect and enduring friendships, which have sprung up between the great souls of the past. The ravages of time may sadly dim the glory of the deeds of these men, and the passing years may blot out the fast fading remembrance of their claims to greatness; but the vision of their whole-hearted devotion to each other, shall shine with undimmed splendor through all the ages, and shall never be forgotten so long as there exists in the world an appreciation of true nobility of soul.

David and Jonathan! We know them not for what they did, but for what they were. Perhaps, no earthly friendship was ever more beautiful, or ever more beautifully described, than that which existed between the poet Tennyson and Arthur Hallam. Who can read the soul-stirring record of their mutual devotion, as the poet has lovingly depicted it in "In Memoriam," and remain unmoved? How intimate was the union between the two can be seen from these matchless lines in which the poet sorrowfully recalls how

"Thought leaped out to wed with thought,
Ere thought could wed itself with speech."

Truly, these are the loftiest heights to which mere earthly friendship can aspire.

No multitude of acquaintances can compensate for the loss of a single friend. When life verges into a region of "sunless days," when, through the blurred windows of despondency, we look out upon it stretching before us, drab and desolate, how much will it comfort us to know we have a host of acquaintances in lieu of a single, real friend? An acquaintance is to a friend

what the icy splendor of a star is to the glorious warmth of the sunshine.

In times of sorrow and disappointment, temptation and trial, only the hearty grasp of a friendly hand, and the cheery ring of a friendly voice, can fill the aching void that is in our heart. To the world in general, we go about with inscrutable and stoical countenances, concealing our true feelings behind a mask of pride, or pretended indifferences, like visored knights at a tournament. It is only in the confidence of a mutual devotion, that we can reveal our true selves. Here we know that we shall not meet with rebuff, shall not be misunderstood, shall not be unappreciated.

But if friendship is so important and vital an element in our lives, does it not exert a powerful influence upon them either for good, or for evil? Yes; this is, indeed, the case. The greatest souls of all times confess that their lives have been moulded and guided to a far greater degree by personal association, than by any other single influence.

Very sweetly does Tennyson recall the great influence which his departed friend exerted upon his life, in the words:

"Whatever way my days decline,
I feel, and feel, though left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine."

And yet, human intercourse, the closeset and most perfect, is only along the outer hall-ways and corridors of life. Even our most intimate companion bids us farewell on the threshold of the innermost chamber of our hearts, and we must needs turn, each one of us, to his own solitude. Secluded in this holy of holies of our hearts, we are as far withdrawn beyond the outpost of human intercourse, as though we lived on another planet. And yet, it is just here that we need a friend most. As we sit buried and oppressed by the appalling silence of our own solitude, with only the memories of past failures, like ghosts, alien and sinister, for company, there comes over us a feeling of helpless loneliness. But just when the gloom is blackest, like the darkness before the dawn, we suddenly realize that we are not alone.

To the entrance of the innermost chambers of our hearts, in

our hour of extremity, the Master comes and knocks. "Magister adest et vocat te." Happy we if we answer His summons. Surely we will not ignore the wistful longing that is in those patient sorrow-filled eyes? Surely we will not coldly and lightly turn from the outstretched pleading of those nail-torn hands! NOW let us answer that summons which sounds on the portals of our hearts to-day; let us welcome this world-worn, yet ever unwearied Traveler into the inmost chamber; let us speak to Him with the simple faith of little children,—tell Him of all our fears,—and hopes. And as we can learn to bear it, let us learn to feel the footsteps of His life in ours.

WILLIAM J. KEEFE, '18.

Sweet Mother!

Sweet Mother mine, so fair, so mild,
Look down, and smile, upon thy child.
And if, perchance, I go astray,
O, save me from the sinful way,
And guard me from the tempest wild!

And though from thee I am exiled,
O, help me, when I am reviled,
To meekly suffer, and to pray,
Sweet Mother mine!

O Mary, mother undefiled,
And Queen of saints by mortals styled,—
My sad heart at thy feet I lay
And all my pain shall melt away,
If I can see that thou hast smiled,
Sweet Mother mine.

James Brennan, '18.

Sans Souci

Robert Louis Stevenson was the fault of it all. Maecenas and I had read his "Inland Voyage" until we almost knew the valley of the Oise, as well as the Frenchmen who dwell on its banks, and so, naturally, we went on a voyage ourselves. Both of us were Dons of the Quixote type. When the leaves rustled in the breeze, or the river babbled along its marge, we imagined some old Greek was conversing with us. To us, they were not only the visible creation with all its beauties and wonders, there was also an ideal world peopled with all the heroes of fancy and fiction, but visible, of course, to the inner eye only.

As a consequence we enjoyed the *planning* of our trip most of all. We had planned it as we wanted it to happen, not as we knew it must happen. But the best part of anything is the anticipation before, and the memories afterwards. Our heads were so full of guns, canoes and camp duffle, that we had little time for lessons. The days were not days at all, but a blissful twilight of dreaming and dozing and castle building.

I shall never forget how we named our canoe. It occurred one afternoon in class while our professor was lecturing on Frederick the Great. In the course of his description, he mentioned one of his castles, the "Sans Souci." Maecenas sent me a note by the aerial route. "Fine name for the canoe, don't you think?" The name epitomized what our voyage was to be,—a week, a month, or a vacation, "WITHOUT CARE" floating down the river as leisurely as the ducks that paddle its placid waters.

It was a perfect June day when the Sans Souci glided into the Talawanda. Three little farmer lads viewed the spectacle from the bank. When Maecenas broke a bottle of water, from the campus spring, against her side, they stood with mouth agape; and when the immaculate green and white canoe put out from the shore, they clapped their hands with glee. But the greatest surprise was, when we ran up the American flag and our own college colors. How they shouted and yelled and bid us "bon voyage."

It was pleasant to paddle along, with the blue sky overhead,

and a smiling earth below. It put us into a reverie of comparisons for the first half mile or so. Sometimes, when the banks were wooded, we were voyageurs returning with furs from some Golconda in the Northland; sometimes, when open farms lay along sides of the river, we were in some old world scene, where the rivers famed in stories flow; then, again, we were ourselves, eager to note what new panorama the next bend would throw before us.

Our river was the best fellow in the world. He went miles out of his way to show us rich country and emerald hillsides; he played hide and seek among the farms, so that sometimes we went east, and sometimes west. What suited us most of all, was his lazy, nonchalant indifference to go ahead. We three oft lingered for whole half days under cool, shady banks, and, when a picturesque little village invited us in, the river seemed nearly as eager to stop, as were his good-for-nothing companions.

At noon we drew up under a grove of inviting maples for dinner and a smoke. This is the best part of the trip. The sizzle of bacon in the frying pan is the sweetest song of the outdoors. It blends with the restless stirring of the leaves, and the lap of the water against the canoe. It plays second fiddle to the crackling and sputtering of the fire. It even comes and goes with a wheezing of one's corn-cob. While the smell, delicious, appetizing, brings to mind all the trips of the last half dozen years. The muskmelon fete down along Old Indian Hollow, the mid-winter trips after mink and muskrat, the weeks of nights bivouacing under moon and stars, how they come back again with a whiff of frying bacon!

Maecenas, instead of going into ecstasies over the frying of mere meat, preferred to talk about his friend Horace. I ventured to say he quoted a thousand lines during the trip. If the canoe acted tipsy, or a bird flew across our path, or a flock of sheep grazed along the banks, he had some quotation that was pertinent to the occasion. "Don't you know that?" he would ask in surprise when I would ask him for an Anglo-Saxon equivalent. After a time, I looked grave and wise, and said nothing, although, had death been the penalty, I would have been unable to repeat a thing he said. Unhappily, when Maecenas got to talking about

the ancients, he forgot to ply the paddle, so that all the while I was working like a slave, he jabbered about next year's crop of olives or last year's quality of wine.

About sundown, we floated by a veritable paradise. There were great, gigantic trees on both sides of the river, where bell birds were singing vespers, and where evening shadows were beginning to make the forest dark. Ahead of us, the sinking sun came dimpling along a mile of open water. It was a study in bold and brilliant contrasts. The great plain of the west as yellow as a field of ripened grain, the clearcut shimmering river silvered in the softened light, the towering trees that shut off all view of the shores, all these combined to make a brief and evanescent splendor. Through the woods on one side a little creek wound down to the river; at its mouth was a tree-embowered cove which looked like an ideal place to put up for the night. Indeed it was an ideal camp site except for the fact that the mosquitoes were very much in evidence. Maecenas looked like a grater, next morning.

Of all the night sounds in June woodlands, the notes of the whippoorwill are the most prominent. Some people have a holy horror for these birds. By the mere fact that they are nocturnal in their habits and live in sylvan and remote places, they are accredited with all sorts of occult powers. To me, the soft never ceasing whippoorwill, coming from every part of the wood, is a pleasant and lulling music. As I was going to sleep the notes of the whippoorwill and the lines of an old poet kept ringing in my ears, and soon I was dreaming that I was back trying to give a satisfactory explanation for a syncopated Greek verb. Maecenas thought the whippoorwills must be birds of the underworld, for they kept him awake all night with the incessant repetition of their name. Along towards morning he woke me up, and wanted to know what star was shining overhead.

Next morning we were up with the birds. Late sleepers lose half the joys of living. To rise when the eastern sky is a vast tapestry of gold and yellow with the morning star as a jewel upon it, to hear the birds ushering in the new born day with song and revelry, to inhale the fresh clover-laden air of morning, why all of this is worth a year of a man's life! In the valley of the

Talawanda we identified over sixty species of birds, while their songs accompanied us as we traveled. During our trip we found more pleasure in hunting with a camera and opera glass than with a rifle. "The thrush caroling at the dawn of day," according to Maecenas was worth a week of Looies orchestra.

The biggest and most delightful surprise was to find a bobolink's nest in a hay field. It was one morning when I had gone out for a mess of wild strawberries. I had picked a hatful, and was wallowing back through a field of waist-deep grass, when a bobolink sprang up ahead of me and began to pour out a throatful of bubbling song. As I watched he fluttered back to earth, and lo, out flew his dull-colored mate. I marked the place and waited. Soon she came back and with a plunge was out of sight in the grass. At once I ran forward swishing the timothy as much as possible in order to surprise the bird. Sure enough she fluttered out at my very feet, while there in an arched nest were five fragile treasures. My life-long ambition had been to find a bobolink's nest. Naturalists said it is like looking for the proverbial needle in a haystack, because the brooding bird slipped off her eggs taking to wing only when several feet from the nest. But I found one, and how sweet is discovery!

Sometimes we overtake an old skipper after years of cruising through a sea of books. Sometimes we walk out at night and find a new constellation in the sky. Again in the labyrinth and ramifications of our own mind we come upon a new idea or thought. Or, what is perhaps best of all, we discover a secret of nature's. In every case how pleasant is knowledge that is first handed!

One morning, we passed two fellow travelers in a canoe. They were students from a rival college out for an outing like ourselves. In a few minutes Maecenas started to quote Latin rather freely but his opponent was a Classic scholar also, and for the next ten minutes there was a battle royal. After peace was concluded by Maecenas asking if "*omnes eodem cogimur*" they told us that their journey was upstream. Of course we invited them to break bread with us, five miles down the stream, but they declined with thanks. After a bend in the river separated us, Bill suggested that we give the college yells in old S. I. C. fashion, and the shores re-echoed rah! rah! with such detonations that a bull-

frog went kerplunk into the lily pads, while three cows on the bank retreated in confusion. It also brought two straw hats bobbing over the bank.

"City guys," growled one.

"Yes, and durn fools," chimed in the other.

For six miles we paddled down an enchanted river, in an enchanted atmosphere. The sun was warm without being hot, while the great ocean of sky was deep blue, except for a few swan-like clouds that drifted by. On both sides of the river were rich farm lands where the lark and bobolink were answering each other. In the background was a range of bluffs with patches of cool opened woodland and grassy stretches, where cows and sheep were feeding. But the river was the best part of all. How it flowed majestically along in great sweeping curves, sometimes as smooth as a floor, then again shimmering in the sunlight like cut glass. Along its shores, stood willows like great watch dogs, and more than once we dropped under their drooping branches for a fit of day dreaming, or a smoke. To see the river thus loitering in the sunshine and beneath the trees, to watch its lazy downstream motion, one could hardly believe that floods or freshets could ruffle it. But we soon repented of this rash judgment. Today it was the most complacent and contented creature in the world, tomorrow we were to see it in a different mood.

That night we decided to sleep on a sandbar, because Maecenas wanted to get a good view of the sky. Our supper was over and we were enjoying a pipe of Prince Albert, when the sky suddenly turned black and thunder began to rumble in the west. The storm came up rapidly. Our best shelter was the Sans Souci; we dragged her up, turned her over, fastened the ends with a couple blocks of wood and then drew the canvas down over the bottom so that for all the world it looked like one of these domestic mousetraps where a saucer is balanced on a knife-blade, only in our case, we had a knife at both ends.

By the time we crawled under shelter, the storm broke in all its fury. It was a pleasant sound to hear the big drops buffet the canoe, and know that we were dry and secure beneath. All night long the lightning and thunder reigned supreme in the sky. There was something awful and majestic in the wild splendor of the one, and the rumble and detonation of the other. Sometimes the

thunder rolled along the vault of Heaven like a mighty drum, and again it would boom above our very heads. In the brief instants, when earth and sky and water were bright as day we could see the drops on the river like inverted funnels, and on the opposite side, the fringe of trees. Along toward morning, the lightning and thunder gradually died down, and we finally went to sleep with the plangent patter of the rain above our heads.

When I awoke the water was playing hide and seek about our feet. I could scarce believe my eyes. The Talawanda was a tawny devil, chafing its shores in a fury of speed. While I was rubbing my eyes Maecenas' hat floated peacefully away. I watched it, fascinated by the slyness of the theft, and after it had floated hopelessly beyond reach, I awoke its owner.

The rain came down as if its only delight was to make us more soaked than we were already. Our wet clothes, combined with the startling knowledge that all our food was soaked with kerosene and river-water, put us in a bad humor. Maecenas blamed me for letting his hat float away, and I blamed him for wishing to sleep on a sandbar. And there, in the pouring rain we painfully realized that in all our planning last winter, unpleasant incidents like these had never been considered.

A rooster crowing back behind some trees reminded us that thirty-one cents and a wet skin might get a breakfast if they tried. We pulled up the Sans Souci and went in search of the house. We had just considered what line of talk to hand out, when a big savage bulldog suddenly appeared. Such a meeting deals with unknown quantities. On your side, you feel a coldness about your pedal appendages and an intense desire to get up some good sized tree; the dog, on the other hand, wonders how much cloth will stick in his teeth after the first mouthful. "Run," says I in a whisper. We did run, so did the dog. Up a tree we went with the dog at our heels. Crash! the limb broke. Down we came, with me the under man.

* * *

"Say you poor boob, I told you not to take that second helping of goulash."

Oh joy! it had all been an epicurean's dream. There I was on the floor in a muddle of bed clothes, and there was Maecenas reading a letter from his friend Horace.

A. A. BUNGART, '17.

Life

Life is naught but shadow, and a dream;
The passing tinkle of a tinselled bell;
A brief repining in a prison cell,
Ere we may traverse Death's delivering stream.
'Tis base and sordid in its thought and theme;
I marvel how the deathless soul can dwell
In confines such as ever strive to quell
The bounding yearning of the heart supreme.

But straightway my enlightened soul replied,
And bade my craven, cringing doubts depart.
By fire must our spirits first be tried
To burn away the dross that dulls the heart.
Then may we flit across the swelling tide,
To praise our God in strains of heav'nly art.

Death

Death seems a monster, grim and sore to bear,
Coming with cunning stealth and fire-shot eyes,
To bear away our loved ones as a prize,
And prison them forever in his lair.
Like roaring lion shocking all the air,
With raging bellow drowning out our cries
Of helpless agony; a thief, he lies
In wait for us with hatred in his glare.

But Death is not this wanton ravager.
He is the liberator of our spirit, bound
By earthly chains; to earthly habits dear.
He speeds us homeward whenever he has found
One who has learned to spurn mere earthly cheer,
To worship at the Cross on Calvary's mound.

Raymond E. Craft, '18.

Mike

Tim Sullivan was ill at ease. A rubber hat was pulled over the eyes of his grim, pale visage; a yellow slicker draped his uncouth form, a form which had difficulty in entering an ordinary doorway; heavy boots extending to his thighs encased his feet and limbs, while the repugnant odor of fish permeated the atmosphere about him.

Seated on the velvety cushions of an interurban car on his way home from an excursion to the city, whither he had gone to purchase a few gifts for the coming festive season, in remembrance of a loved one across the sea, he was fretting and dejected.

By calling, Tim was a fisherman and lived in a small hut about twenty miles from the largest and most industrious city which raises its ugly, smoky form on the shores of charming Lake Erie.

The Sullivans were of a peculiar stock, and the peculiarity was not beauty. Tim Sullivan was no exception to the characteristics of his race.

They were a tall, pale people with an abundance of sickly, white hair, and their sentiments were as weird as their appearance. Of the whole race, from that ancestor who was content to pass on a hide and a stone hatchet to his only offspring, who according to Tim was in Eternity (with some doubt about the exact location), Tim Sullivan was probably the most weird. But Tim was more oppressed than usual tonight. He was thinking of the past. Years ago he had left his only brother, a tall, pale, grim person like himself, in a little cabin on the banks of placid Lake Killarney. He had left there, and settled in a less sentimental but a freer country. After many years, he had married a sweet, comely damsel, who had brought some cheer to his cold and stony nature.

How ill-mated that marriage seemed to be! It reminded one of the nuptials between an enchanting fairy princess and some gigantic ogre in the days before things became real and prosaic. Still they were happy, for the mystery of love is indeed queer and fathomless.

A child was born, and Mike, as he was called, partook of none of the sweetness of manner or form of his mother. The oldest immigrant, who from boyhood had known the Sullivans, declared the new comer the ugliest of them all.

The child grew with extraordinary rapidity, his physical appearance improving none in the growing. And moreover, when he had arrived at the age of twenty, he had acquired every distasteful trait in the makeup of a human being.

He was a drunkard of the beastly type, and a delicate mother seeing her son in this condition, often approached death through grief. He went from bad to worse, and viler appellations than "drunkard" were hurled at her bloated, unmanly son. This disgrace dealt a death blow to the pure mother, and at last she passed from her misery and shame and took her place "in the silent halls of death."

After the death of his mother, the young scoundrel contracted the wanderlust, encouraged no doubt by the reproaches of an irate father. Mike left his home and started west. Tim heard no more from him and had no desire to.

After the death of his wife and the departure of his son, instead of seeking solace in the company of others, Tim Sullivan sought it in the wilds of nature. He left the city, and placed a fishing hut near the brink of a precipice about eight miles from the nearest interurban station and twenty miles from the city.

There lived Tim Sullivan, his morose nature becoming no more cheerful because of his contact with the mist and water. He isolated himself from civilization except when he went to the city for provisions, or to sell his commodity. His ambition in life was simple and easily achieved; he asked nothing from his fellow creatures except to be left alone.

After a few years of a somewhat not unhappy life, where he could look down upon a tranquil, melancholy expanse, or upon a sea raging and hissing in thunderous acclamations, and finding there a companion not unlike himself, so susceptible to moods of melancholy and rage, he received a letter informing him that a person answering to the description of his son, while working in a Colorado silver mine had been killed in an explosion. The directors of the company expressed their heartfelt sorrow for the affair, and regretted the body was in such a mutilated condition,

that it could not be sent home for burial. Tim took the matter bravely. A tear may have trickled down his furrowed cheek, but Eternity alone will disclose whether it was a tear of relief or of sorrow.

As the electric car sped across the country, Tim remembered these things, and for the first time in his life he grieved for the boy. It was exactly ten years that very day that he had received the letter reporting the death of his only offspring.

Something weird and uncanny possessed him. He looked out of the car windows and instinctively shrank back in horror. He thought he saw the face of Mike glowing at him in the darkness. He gazed at the advertisements, but spelled together from the jumble of words the awful one, M-I-K-E.

He was trembling vehemently with fear, for these apparitions, because of their very incredibleness gained a greater hold upon him. Again he peered out through the windows, but this time he saw no face, only patches of snow lay here and there, dancing in the pearly light of the moon like spectres from the regions beyond, and naked trees silhouetted in the light brought terror to the affrighted spirit of Tim. Just then some far off church bell tolled slowly the hour of twelve—twelve—the hour of revelry for the fays, the ouphes and the spirits of the dead.

The last faint peal of the church bell had scarcely died on the wintry air, when the shrill voice of the conductor announced the stop where Tim was to get off.

He gathered his parcels in his arms, put his gigantic form in motion and sauntered to the door. But as he neared the door he saw another person was preparing to leave. The sight of him struck misery into the dejected spirit of Tim. The figure before him was a tall grotesque creature. His complexion seemed more tawny than that of any Sullivan, and a western slouch hat surmounted a mass of dirty bleached hair.

The creature looked at Tim, nodded!

Tim grew pale as death—the spectre was—Mike!

Tim, all a tremble, alighted ahead of Mike and slunk away into a shadow in fear of the spirit of his unnatural son.

The pale, tawny creature proceeded to a group of stores which were assembled about the station.

Tim cautiously followed.

In front of a saloon an individual not far different in appearance from the denizens of the grave, stretched out a pale, thin hand and grasped that of Mike. He then spoke in accents which sounded not unlike the moaning of the wind among the tombstones.

"It has been long since we met."

"Yes," replied Mike in fierce tones, "ten years."

"Where have you been?" questioned the other.

Mike leaned over and whispered something in his ear.

"Dead!" muttered Tim from behind a tree.

Mike Sullivan or his ghost turned and gave a malicious grin, but did not appear to know from what quarter the sound came.

"Let's have a drink," said the creature to Mike.

Arm in arm, the ghastly figures entered the saloon.

"Now is my chance!" thought Tim, for he had several miles of ravines and fields to cross, and had no desire to be accompanied by the dead.

With all possible haste, he left the little group of buildings behind him, and was soon making his way over ravines and hills to his hut.

The moon cast a weird light upon the frozen surface of the earth, but this only added greater dejection to the morbid feelings of Tim Sullivan.

"My God!" he shrieked, "what if he is following me?" But the ravine echoed his words only to terrify the frightened man.

Slowly, too slowly for that terrified man, he climbed the hill, which descended into the ravine. When on the summit he cast his eyes behind him. Heavens! what he saw. Descending the other incline leading to the ravine, the moon lighting his ghastly features, was Mike, hastening to overtake him. Tim drew a revolver and was inclined to shoot. But what can a bullet do against a ghost? He placed the gun back into his pocket and hastened faster and faster on his journey. But the spectre gradually came nearer and nearer.

Over ravine and field they hurried, but the intervening distance became smaller and smaller.

Although the figure came closer, still the race was a hot one. Great odds were against the old man, but a clean life and preserved vigor stood him well so far. But old age could go no

faster, and from now on it would be only a matter of time until he was apprehended. One hope alone remained—he might reach his cabin before he was caught. But the spectre gradually came nearer.

Murder! Suicide! Death! passed riotously through the excited mind of Tim. He could now hear the waves dashing against the rocky indentations of the shore, and the ghastly moonlight shone upon a seething and roaring sea, dashing and flashing, beating high upon some rocky point, while a howling wind carried a misty spray above the precipice into the faces of the racers.

Never in all his life had he seen the water in such a condition. Again the tempest roared, and the moon unable to withstand its fury, hid itself, leaving the earth steeped in inky darkness. The wind continued, each second it gained in velocity until at last Tim struggled to keep his footing. Then the rain commenced. Scattered drops at first, then heavier and heavier until the earth and lake were submerged in sheets of pelting, piercing rain.

In the pitchy darkness and drenching down-pour, Tim gave utterance to that gruesome animal cry of man when even hope seems gone, beseeching some unseen power to deliver him from a horrible end. Now a whizzing, shrieking flash of lightning leaped from the sky, and in the distance he could see the dim outlines of his hut.

The flash died, bellowing thunder followed in its wake, and the earth again was dark.

"O God!" muttered Tim, "if I can but reach the shack." Nearer and nearer drew the spectre. Tim thought he could feel its chilling breath upon his neck. He was now within ten feet of his cabin, but Mike was almost abreast of him.

Just as Tim reached the door, he felt a hand placed upon his shoulder. A thrill of misery passed through his frame. He shook off the hand and leaped through the doorway, and as the spectre was about to enter, slammed and bolted the door in its very face.

Exhausted, he threw himself into a chair awaiting the spectre to enter at any moment.

But it did not!

When Tim had collected himself and had gained presence of

mind, he looked through the dingy window of the hut. With downcast head he saw a tall figure approaching the brink of the precipice. He then heard a sound like falling earth and stone, then a fearful blast rose out of the lake, and the waves shrieked with the joy of a madman when he has assassinated his foe.

But now the wind grew still and the waves were transformed to pleasant ripples. Tim fell asleep.

Two days later at sunset as he was drawing in his nets, they seemed exceptionally heavy. He pulled and pulled and when he had landed them he found tangled among the meshes, the tall, pale, mangled form of Mike.

HOWARD SMITH, '19.

Mother Mine!

Than the silvery sheen of the queen of night
Upon a gently rippling, solemn sea;
Than rosy-fingered herald of the dawn so bright,
Far lovelier, Mother mine, are thou to me.

Than dew-kissed violet, dotting hill and dale;
Than star-eyed rose upon the sun-lit lea;
Than purest lily in the peaceful vale,
Far sweeter, Mother mine, art thou to me!

Than sable-crested storm-king, ominous, dire,
Grim harbinger of trembling earth and sea;
Or his forked servant of the silver fire,
Far mightier, Mother mine, art thou to me!

And so, when lightnings sear, and tempests rant,
And e'en the stars are reeling on life's sea;
When, storm-racked by the tumult, Mother grant
That the vision of *thy* might remain with me.

William J. Keefe, '18.

The Spanish Pioneers

IT is with sentiments of awe that we gaze upon America to-day in the transcendancy of her existence, in the vindication and triumph of her beliefs and doctrines; as Milton might have said—"upon a strong and pussiant nation, shaking her invincible locks and mewing her mighty youth!" Our reflections might trend to the time, not remotely past, when this vast expanse of "God's country" was a howling wilderness, and then the question would assert itself,—what parallel can history offer comparable to the giving of America to the world?

And what people had the principal part in disclosing to the view of men, the ambrosial vista of the Americas? A pilgrim from some other planet looking over our English text books of history would, unhesitatingly, considering the amount of space allotted to Saxon explorers and founders, in striking contrast to that assigned to Italy, Portugal and Spain, declare the honor England's. But nothing could be farther from the truth. An unbiased decision must award the palm to the great and intrepid sons of Spain.

This fact can be proved no more conclusively than by showing the enormous precedence in point of time, as otherwise, the Spanish had over the English in the pioneering of the Americas. Cortez had conquered and was colonizing a savage country a dozen times as large as England before the first English speaking expedition had even seen the mere coast where it was to plant colonies in the new world; and Pizarro was accomplishing a much greater task. Ponce de Leon had taken possession for Spain of what is now one of the states of the Union a generation before any of these regions was seen by the Saxons. Cabeza de Vaca had broken his way from the palm trees of Florida to the orange groves of California fifty years before the foot of our ancestors had touched our soil. Jamestown, the first English settlement in America, was not founded until 1607 and by that time the Spanish were firmly established in Florida and New Mexico and absolute masters of a vast territory to the South. They had already discovered, conquered and partly colonized inland America from upper Kansas to Buenos Ayres, and from

ocean to ocean. They were Spaniards who first saw and explored the greatest gulf in the world; Spaniards who discovered the two greatest rivers, who found the greatest ocean, who were first aware of the fact that there were two continents in America; who first went around the world. They were Spaniards who forged their way into the far interior of our own land long before the Saxon came to the Atlantic seaboard. They were Spanish eyes which first looked down into the shimmering hiatus of the Grand Canon three hundred years before "American" eyes saw it. What language could describe the fairly superhuman zeal with which Balboa carved his awful path across the Isthmus, found the Pacific, built on its shores the first ships that were ever made in the New World, sailed that uncharted sea and had been dead a half century before Drake and Hawkins saw it? And so the pen might go on indefinitely, recalling the exploits of the votaries of the Alhambra; but at all events the above instances, few of many admit of no other conclusion than that Spain by far surpassed all other nations in the pioneering of the Americas.

It is true England was but recovering from the demoralization subsequent to the War of the Roses, and was struggling under the religious dissensions which were rife at that time; nor is the record England's brave sons later made to be disparaged. But they were never called upon to face such inconceivable hardships, such endless dangers as the Spaniards had faced. The wilderness they conquered was savage enough, truly, but fertile, well wooded, well watered, and full of game, while that which the Spaniards tamed was such a fearful desert as no human conquest ever equaled before or since, and inhabited by legions of savage nations to some of whom the petty warriors of King Philip were no more to be compared than a jackal to a tiger.

History has added another blot to the escutcheon of Spain, more universally recognized perhaps but none the less monumental. It was in the christening of America. A present day writer has remarked that it might have been just as appropriately called "Walzeemuella." However, modern historians are gradually subscribing to the equitable viewpoint in this Spanish subject, as is indicated by recent works, and in the future the ephemeral deeds of some of the countries may be rightly subordinated to the superior achievements of Spain. Knowledge is power and

veracity is knowledge but while we Saxon Americans suffer ourselves to remain in mental vassalage to our prejudices, and until we are candid and dispassionate in our recognition of the well earned place Spain has merited for herself by the greatest of all accomplishments, the repositories of our knowledge can be none other than the mausoleums of our justice.

J. HAROLD TRAVERSE, Fourth Year High.

The Days of Sport

The days of sport—that quickly flee,
And leave us but their memory!
 No grief destroyed our gladness then,—
 Those days that ne'er can come again,
When all the world was gay and free.

The swimmin'-hole we often see,
In fancy,—'neath the old oak tree,—
 The time when we were only ten,—
 The days of sport

A voyage o'er a cornfield sea,
On Dobbin crowded, just we three;
 Or lolling in some shady glen,
 A-dreaming when we'd all be men,—!
Ah, if all our lives could only be
 The days of sport!

Walter Fowler, '18.

The Ohio Indians

WHEN we sit in our comfortable homes, reflecting over the modern developments of civilization, how many of us ever think, or even suspect that a century and a half ago, the self-same grounds where our large cities now stand, were the hunting and the battle grounds of the Redskins?

It is well for us to recall the facts that history relates for us. The history of Ohio, from its earliest date—including the times of the mound-builders, cave-dwellers, Redmen, French and English—down to our own day, gives us food for much reflection and study. For the romance of achievement, it does not stand in the shade of Greek, Roman or any other ancient history. On the contrary, for Americans from the Buckeye State, the settlement and development of Ohio is one of the most brilliant and heroic narratives of all ages.

History, as it has been written, deals largely with the wars of nations. The history of Ohio would prove no exception to this observation, for the fertile soil of Ohio is decidedly marked with the wars of the Indian.

This may be due, in no small measure to the geographical situation of the state. All roads, we used to be told, led to Rome. Just so, all rivers led to Ohio, where the hostile tribes all met, decked in their war paints to settle their disputes in the bloodiest and fiercest of battles. The land of the beautiful river was literally soaked with the blood of the Indian. The result of all this hostility was that a land far superior to many others because of suitable localities for settlement along its rivers, became nothing but a battle-ground for tribes at variance with one another.

Instead of being, as one would suppose, a place for peaceful living, and thickly populated, the beautiful Ohio land was deserted. In fact, along the Ohio river there was scarcely a hut that remained undisturbed from marauding tribes. The river that today is such an important factor in our development was, two hundred years ago, the path that led from Pennsylvania, Kentucky and other states, directly to the very heart of Ohio.

I might enlarge on the wars of the Indians against each other, and against the white settlers, but this is not my purpose. I

shall rather enumerate a few of the various tribes that inhabited the state.

The Iroquois were the Romans of the new world, and comprised the confederation known as "the five nations,"—the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and the Senecas. Later, in 1713, the Tuscarawas were added as the sixth. As early as 1650 the Iroquois ousted the Huron and Cat nations, situated along Lake Erie, and occupied, in turn, the northern portion of Ohio. The Wyandots, a remnant portion of the dispersed Hurons, were found mainly near the rivers running to Lake Erie, around the vicinity of the present city of Sandusky. These were very friendly to the whites, and Crane, their mightiest and wisest chief, was one of the noblest characters that adorn Indian annals. The Delawares had pushed their way from the Delaware river to the Muskingum valley. The Ottawas, who were immortalized by Pontiac, were on the southwestern shores of Lake Erie. The Mingoes, a branch of the fierce Iroquois, and probably, the Cayugas, inhabited the extreme eastern portion of the State.

It must be kept in mind that the settlements of these different tribes were not permanent, but were more or less shifting as tribal wars, white immigration, and other changing conditions effected. The Shawnees possessed that wilderness garden, the Scioto valley. The Shawnee was a very proud Indian who knew his worth, and estimated it to be higher than all others. They claim the Great Spirit Himself to have been an Indian, and that the Master of Life made the Shawnee before any other human race. It was their common belief that the Shawnee sprang from his brain. They especially were mentally favored, and placed on the Island America, and all the other redmen were descended from them. They held that the French and English were made from the Great Spirit's breast, the Dutch from his feet, and the "Long Knives" (so they styled the Colonists) from his hand. Christopher Gist, in his journey in 1750 through southern Ohio, in behalf of the First Ohio Company, found villages of the Shawnees on the Scioto, one at the mouth, near the present city of Portsmouth, containing one hundred and forty houses, and three hundred men. Bouquet, in his report of his expedition against the Ohio Indians in 1764, says that the Shawnees on the Scioto could muster five hundred warriors. Certain it is that the Shawnees were an in-

fluent and well established people in Central and Western Ohio, previous to the French and Indian War. Their arrogant and autocratic disposition, coupled with an untempered ferocity, made the Shawnees the most formidable of all the savage tribes with which the western settlers had to contend. Six miles southwest of the present city of Springfield, on the banks of the Mad river, was an early Shawnee settlement, "Piqua," meaning "village that arises from the ashes." This was the birthplace of Tecumseh ("Shooting Star, or Meteor"), the embodiment and acme of Shawnee daring, arrogance, restless activity, resourceful cunning, innate and intense hostility to the whites.

Those who read history with an unprejudiced and unbiased eye are slow to charge the Indian with all the savagery and atrocity with which popular conception clothes him. When they had been wronged, they retaliated in the only way known to them. Instead of the aerial bomb, they used fire and the tomahawk, and if women and children were slaughtered indiscriminately they were at least living within fortified enclosures!!! And when we consider the stealing of his horses, goods, or other possessions, the bartering of worthless trinkets and baubles, made brighter and flashier with the aid of fire-water, it ceases to be a wonder that the poor unschooled warrior acted as he did.

But even under these circumstances, we do not always find him the cruel, heartless, pitiless and revengeful creature which history often described him to be. Although Tecumseh, when yet a boy of twelve, amid the ashes of his native village, Piqua, vowed implacable vengeance upon the colonists, as Hannibal swore eternal hatred to the Romans, nevertheless we find him humane and manly. When yet in his teens, Tecumseh saw how the Indians tortured, burned and seized the property of immigrants, and the immigrants themselves as they came down the Ohio on flat boats, he expressed his abhorrence and disgust in a fiery and forceful speech, declaring he would never take part in or permit, if he could prevent, such barbarous cruelty. He rigidly adhered to this resolve, and his instructions to his warriors when entering battle were: "Kill the enemy if possible, and leave none to be captured; but if a prisoner falls into your hands, treat him humanely." Here we see a strong point in the character of the foremost of the Shawnee Indians.

This is not the only example history gives us. By no means. Whole volumes have been written about the noble and heroic character of the Indian. In view of these facts, I see no just reason for finding such fault as is commonly done with the Indian, for, once a friend, he was always a friend; and a truer and more loyal friend one could not wish. Of course, the converse of this is also true occasionally.

In connection with the Ohio Indians, Clevelanders may be interested to know that one of their main thoroughfares—Detroit Avenue—is an old Indian trail, leading westward for many a mile through the country, till it loses itself among other highways, rivers and cities. When an Indian trail, it was probably but a foot or two wide, following the last ridge formed by the receding of old Lake Erie. This ridge is now what is known as the North Ridge Road. The fact that it was originally an old Indian trail accounts for its many turns and winding curves. Even today as we speed along this selfsame highway, with the throttle wide open, leaving the dust behind, we fancy we can see an Indian here and there in ambush, aiming his deadly arrow at our “devil-machine”; or perhaps, we feel in every unusually hard bump a reminder that some poor Indian on his pony forgot to give us the road.

J. J. SNYDER, '18.

The Prelude

Anon the flooding sunshine
Makes all things fair,
As frosty Winter flies.
A medley clear
Of merry, echoing cries
Floats thru the air.

They come! the merry songsters:
At first a few,
And all the valleys fill—
Sail forests thru
With voices loud and shrill
And preludes new.

Their joy awakes the violets
Who burst their buds
And peep at first with fear,
But cheer'd by floods
Of melody so silv'ry clear
Flung thru the woods.

They ope with sparkling splendor
Their robes, sky blue,
And bow on stems so frail
Beneath the dew.
Soon clothe they, hill and dale
Yon mountain, too!

The long imprisoned brooklet,
Freed by the wand,
That woodland breezes wield,
Glides o'er the sand,—
Meanders through the field
And many a land.

O'er jutting rocks it gurgles
And, laughing, seems
To slip o'er mossy brinks
To join the streams,
Which, glistening, paint all things
In moonlight gleams.

In triumph Spring is coming,
With gleeful song,
Drawn by fair golden steeds.
A scudding throng
Before the Sun recedes
The bright day long.

And marks with silken cloudlets
The Victor's flight.
It seems as if she wields
With wondrous might
Her wand o'er mellow fields
With flowers dight.

Let Nature wake to gladness
Our poor selves too
In soul and heart, to raise
To skies so blue
Our eyes; and God to praise
With honor due.

Louis J. Perme, '18

Statement

STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Lumina, published five times a year, at Cleveland, Ohio, for April 1st, 1916.

State of Ohio, }
County of Cuyahoga } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Edward F. Madaras, who, having been duly sworn, according to law, deposes and says that he is a business manager of the Lumina, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24th, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postals laws and regulations, to-wit.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher—St. Ignatius College, Cleveland, O.

Editor—Louis A. Litzler, Cleveland, O.

Managing Editor—Edward F. Madaras, Cleveland, O.

Business Managers—Albert J. Murphy, Cleveland O.; John W. Kegg, Cleveland, O. (West Park).

2. That the owners are students of St. Ignatius College.

(Signed) EDW. F. MADARAS.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1916.

(seal) JOHN L. DOWLING.

Childhood Dreams

My childhood dreams! How sweet they are;
Like wintry sunbeams from afar,
 They stream athwart my life to-day,
 And turn December into May;
Though blighting failures sear and mar.

O'er perilous cliff and yawning scar,
With the heav'n-sent peace of the evening star,
 Into my shattered life they stray,
 My childhood dreams!

O fragile memories! though the bar
And shoal of death before me roar,
 I turn to catch one lingering ray,
 Ere twilight of eternal day
Blot out thy forms forevermore,
 My childhood dreams!

William J. Keefe, '18.

Editorials

Easter Once more the great feast of Easter is at hand. Eagerly, expectantly, we waited for its coming; and now that it is upon us, our hearts are filled with gladness and rejoicing. For with Easter comes Springtime, and in Spring Nature throws off her wintry sluggishness and again pulsates with new life, new activity. Therefore we are happy and rejoice.

For, who can remain unaffected at a time when such great changes are taking place? Lent, with its fasting and penance, is now past and gone. For forty days the church has garbed herself in purple; she has retreated, as it were, into a soberer atmosphere, in immediate preparation for the great feast that is to come. And then, after forty days, having cast aside the habiliments of mourning, she breaks forth into a glorious canticle of praise: "Allelujah! He is risen!"

Even Nature seems to share in this general rejoicing. She, too, has roused herself from her torpor, and seems filled with gladness. We can see it everywhere. The flowers, bursting forth in all their glory, cry out to us: "Rejoice, and be glad!" The bright sky and smiling meadows,—they, too, vie with each other in proclaiming the gladsome tidings; and all creatures, both great and small, are filled with the spirit of this holy feast day.

Easter, in truth, is the greatest feast of the entire year. It is a vindication of the faith that animates us and in which we have our being. For had not Christ risen on that appointed day, there would have been no Catholic Church. Well did the Roman authorities know the momentous consequences that would follow in the wake of Christ's resurrection; so, as a precaution, they stationed soldiers at the tomb to prevent the stealing of the body. How useless, how futile were their measures, as though a mere crypt of stone and earth could prevent the fulfillment of a Divine prophecy! As He foretold, so He arose on that eventful morning. He arose triumphant and glorified, resplendent in all His celestial dignity and majesty. Truly, He was victorious.

Let us celebrate this great feast in a manner befitting its

importance. Leaving behind the memory of the forty days just past, let us lift up our hearts in gratitude at the happy consummation of this great miracle. Let us make thanksgiving to the One who did so much for us, and along with the smiling heavens and the bright-hued flowers of springtime, let us break forth into a paean of unbounded joy. For "Christ is risen; He is no longer here!"

L. A. L., '16.

* * * * *

**Easter, in
the Light of
Calvary**

In the minds of a great many persons, Easter Sunday is nothing but a semi-pagan festival of dress. They go to church in the morning, arrayed in the choicest products of nature and of art, and sit through a (to them) rather lengthy sermon, engrossed in a comparative inventory of their neighbors' millinery. They go to church, because it is the fashionable thing to do on Easter morn. In the afternoon they take to the street clothed in their best, so that those who missed them at church, may now see and admire. This, too, is the fashionable thing.

But, viewing Easter in its proper light, it is the glorious culmination of a life of suffering, the final and supreme victory of the One so long expected by the nations, so deeply desired, so reluctantly received. All the humiliation of the lowly life at Nazareth, the petty insults heaped upon Him by people who depended upon Him for their every breath, the jeers of the unbelieving crowd, the kicks, the mockery of the soldiers,—all are counterbalanced by the supreme triumph when the sealed door of the tomb rolled back, and the risen Lord came forth beautiful and glorious. For three and thirty years He had lived, masking His divine perfections under the guise of one of the humblest of His people, that He might save them from their ignorance and their sin. Now this ordeal is over,—the Master assumes His lordship, and comes forth in a manner that befits a king manifesting Himself to His subjects. No longer must He be the plaything of His creatures; now He is God, free and immortal, strong and holy, tarrying among men only to found His holy and everlasting Church, that men might learn to be as He had been, to follow in His glowing footsteps up to the shining throne of His Almighty Father.

This is the spirit of Easter,—the spirit of true and everlasting Liberty,—freedom from ourselves, freedom from death, freedom from sin.

* * * * *

Spring Attracted by the fancy spring wear and variegated colors of a haberdasher's shop, we entered to make some of the display our own. Boxes were piled high, and perspiring clerks, on shaky ladders, seemed to be looking for something they couldn't find.

"What's the commotion?" we casually inquired of the clerk who was taking our money.

"Oh, a little spring inventory," was the smiling answer. "We'll soon have 'er in A-1 shape again."

With bundle under arm, we continued our pleasant walk, while the "balmy breezes blithely blew and the birds sang merrily." The air rang with the sound of shovel upon cobblestone, for the whitewings, too, were busy. When a soppy chamois-skin fell upon our new derby, we realized that somewhere on the 'steenth floor of the Spink-spank Building, windows were being washed. Homeward we repaired and found confusion and disorder. Mother with cap and duster looked jaded.

"You spring cleaning, too?" we asked.

"Yes," came the weary reply, "it has to be done."

"Hum-m," we mused, "all the stores, streets, buildings and houses being cleaned and inventories taken. Maybe it wouldn't be a bad idea to do some inventory taking and spring-house-cleaning ourselves." We did, and were surprised at the results.

So, may you, gentle reader, act on this little thought, look into yourself, throw away the old, useless stock, clean out thoroughly, and having nothing but the best in your "store."

E. F. M., '18.

* * * * *

Paper Up! You know, friends, that there is a war going on at present. Although one of the advantages of a war is its conclusion, followed by round-trip tickets to the trenches, it has also its disadvantages. One of these is that manufacturers, who think they rule the world, tell us poor outsiders that prices have gone up "on account of the war," and naturally, then raise

the prices to prevent their conscience being burdened by an untruth.

Now, we could readily pardon them for the untruth, and we went to the paper manufacturer the other day, and told him so. We also told him that we might even pay for him if he lowered the prices.

He took a stand like Socrates, and said: "Now, why should I, being a good man, desire to be pardoned for an offense of which I am entirely innocent, so to speak?"

So, you see how it is. If you should at any time from now on, notice that the brand of paper honored by our articles is not up to its former standard,—mind I don't say that the paper is not excellent paper, as paper goes, but if, I say, it is not up to our former standard, possess your souls in patience, and boost the Hague stocks.

T. J. D., '18.

* * * * *

A Popular Fallacy "And he soaked us with forty lines, what do you know about that?"

"Yes! Ye gods I wish he would give us a breathing spell."

To the casual, candid or cursory observer these remarks would seem rather to issue from the gloomy precincts of a prison, than from the pleasant corridors of St. Ignatius. Even fledgling freshmen go about with a kill-me-if-you-must expression on their faces. The cause of all their sorrow is the cruel professor. How they graphically describe his delight in soaking them with a plaster of lessons. Like the galley slave they go home, sullen and dispirited, the most abused youngsters in Christendom. They even work out formulae, in order to solve the professor's method of asking the next man; but the professors are the better mind readers, so that the tables are often hopelessly turned on the would-be plotters.

Just why athletes will do anything to make a team, while students will do everything to avoid lessons, seems to be an unsolved problem. Yet, in the former case, the reward is a mere trifle in comparison with the great good of the latter. In one case the stern exacting coach is given credit for enforcing rules; in

the other, the professor is regarded as a tyrant for enforcing rules in the classes. When our teachers lay down rules about burning the midnight oil, they are giving us the best of advice. When they assign certain difficult tasks, they are preparing our minds to play our positions well in the great game of life. When they insist that we run around the track of Latin and Greek every night, it is to improve our wind, not theirs. And as far as delighting in the application of blue pencil liniment, the reverse in fact is true. When crippled exercises, and lame treatises, and spiked tasks, and sprained themes hobble up before their desks they are ready to give up in disgust and despair, and especially is this true, when a prescription must be filled at the "Jug."

Let this time honored fallacy die a natural death. Let us look upon study as we look upon baseball practice, a necessary asset.

A. A. B.

Alumni Notes

In the last issue of *Lumina*, it will be noticed that the official Roster of the Association was published. Copies of the Magazine were then mailed to those whose names appeared on the Roster, provided they were not already subscribers. It was our purpose to get the magazine into the hands of as many of the Alumni as possible. Get into line, Alumni! We want more subscribers, and some contributors. Some of the old classes are keeping together. Send us news of your meetings. Send us news of one another. Where you are. What you are doing. Help make the magazine a bond between the older sons of Alma Mater and her younger ones younger ones who are still under her protection, and who, in many cases, do not even know WHO their older brothers are. Don't wait for Tom or Harry or Bill to do it. Maybe they're waiting for you. No harm done if you both send in the same news. Make the editor of this column sit up and take notice. Come on, now, and let us see this department filled next time with news notes from the "old boys."

We are pleased to publish the following classical contribution from the learned pen of one of St. Ignatius' former professors. Some of Father Geyser's Latin verse has already appeared in the pages of the "Classical Weekly":

Ad Turbinem!

("The Hurricane"—W. C. Bryant)

I.

Ventorum dominum sentio proximum!
Cognosco tepidos desuper halitus;
Exspecto, trepidans dum mihi vena salit,
Saevum turbinis impetum!

II.

En! pennis vehitur turbo gravis Noti,
Coelum pervolitans limite liberum;—
Ah! lente, tacite, robore turgida
Ingenti, umbra venit potens!

III.

Aeternis similis temporibus venit!—
Infra terra pavens conticuit, simul
Per crassum tepidumque aëra conspicit
Umbrae purpureos sinus:—

IV.

Nigrescuntque sinus!—Solis et aurea
Velatur species tegmine lurido; —
Mittite funereos sol radios!—Nitor
Haud nox dicitur, haud dies!

V.

Pigmentis Stygiis nubila desuper
Nigrescunt, humilis terraque nigricat:—
Securum volucres perfugium petunt,
Laetum conticuit melos!

VI.

Auditur fremitus turbinis eminus;—
Montes atque nemus percipiunt sonum:—
Venit! venit! adest! Nonne vides togae
Ventis explicitos sinus?

VII.

Salve! saeve Gigas-aëris! Ut tua
Vestimenta nigris vorticibus rotant!—
Ut torques avidis brachia nexibus,
Coelum cingere gestiens!

VIII.

Amplexu ut teneas quidquid adest iuga
Celsa inter spatii! Nigrior est polus,—
Augentur tenebrae! Per medium aëra
Gyrant turbine pulveres!

IX.

Et currus strepitum percipias gravem,
Quo vectus Dominus coelitus intonat!
Cognoscas iter ex fulgure quod flagrat
Quo cursant rapidae rotae!—

X.

In terras pavidas flammea fulmina
Summis desiliunt arcibus aetheris;—

Coelorum spatium lumine lurido
Tingunt undique fulgura!

XI.

Quid tandem sibi vult iste tumens fragor?—
Torrens e lacubus aethereis ruit!
In terram tremulam funditur, horridos
Infandosque parans casus!

XII.

Ah! montes, nemora et tam mihi cognita,
Nubes atque polus ex oculis fluunt;—
Frustra vosque petens, nil video nigri
Praeter turbinis impetum!

XIII.

Pontus tortilis, en!, moenia vitrea
Coelorum replet,—et contegit omnia:—
Resto sic egomet, solus et impotens,
Hic cum turbine prodigo!

St. Stanislaus Seminary,
Florissant, Mo.

A. F. Geyser, S. J.,
die XXVI. Mart MCMXVI.

A. M. D. G.

College Notes

Debating Society Members of the Debating Society realize with regret that the debating season is drawing to a close. The year has seen so many enjoyable meetings, that we are sorry the end is in sight. Such considerations, however, do not deter the participants from a display of spirit, yet good feeling, which has been characteristic of the year. At some of the meetings, the chairman has found it necessary to suggest that the meeting adjourn, lest the coming day still find the argument still hotly contested. Some of the interesting subjects which kept the members out of their beds past their regular hour of retirement were of late, "United States Merchant Marine," and "Municipal Ownership of Street Railroads."

* * * * *

Scientific Academy The Scientific Academy, while still in its infancy, has proven itself to be a healthy youngster, and vigorous for its age. Its members, though few, are enthusiastic and industrious, and these the Society admires more than a multitude of slackers. A lecture has already been given at the Villa Angela Academy by Messrs. Doran and Bungart. Mr. Doran's subject was the "Determination of Time," Mr. Bungart's "Indian Relics of Northern Ohio." The contributor was one of the lecturers, but the editor refuses to permit him to praise himself in these columns. His partner, Mr. Bungart, however, gave an excellent lecture, knew his subject thoroughly, and gave a good account of himself. They received a hearty reception and cannot speak too highly of the royal treatment accorded them. The same lectures were repeated at Lourdes Academy Wednesday evening, April 5th. These two lectures, including one on the "Submarine" by Mr. Gray, will be given publicly in the gymnasium auditorium. Friends of the college and of the Scientific Academy have been invited.

Other interesting lectures given before the Society of late were Mr. Steiger's on "Illuminants," Mr. Deering's on "Iron and Steel Processes," Mr. Hodous' on "Geysers," and Mr. Curran's on "Bridge Construction."

* * * * *

Lecture Club The popularity of the Lecture Club is constantly growing. In fact, it is not an easy matter to arrange for all the presentations of the lecture on the "Little Flower," that are asked. By the end of April this popular lecture shall have been given upwards of twenty-five times to audiences in Cleveland and the vicinity.

The Club is confident of being able to launch several other lectures before the end of the school year.

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Sodality On March 25th, the second annual reception into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin took place. Reverend Father Rector presided at the reception, assisted by Fathers Slevin and Hendrix. The following were received into the Sodality: William Benisek, Joseph Gill, William Jira, Urban Leonard, William Longo, Joseph O'Dea, Albert Schaefer, Carl Zweidinger.

* * * * *

Operetta The Orchestra and Glee Club are busily preparing a musical entertainment which they promise will eclipse all performances of the kind ever seen at the College. The success of the college play, and the interest and enthusiasm that is being shown in the development of the histrionic and musical talent of the college and high school, seem to warrant the promoters in making the rosiest of promises. The operetta will take place some time early in May. It is under the joint direction of Reverend Father Winter, and Reverend Father Hendrix.

THOMAS J. DORAN, '18.

High School Notes

BY DANIEL I. GALLAGHER, '19

The season of spring poets, of babbling brooks that go on forever, like an unresting sorrow, is now thick upon us. Basket ball makes a graceful bow, exits, and the curtain of the season of 1916 is rung down. The national pastime steps in and occupies the limelight. Before the basket game slides into profound oblivion let us note one game in particular. It was the first meeting of the Seniors and Fourth High in the post season series. The philosophers presented a quintet of frail individuals on the Kegg, Murphy style, while the high school boys ushered in five blushing youths with a pinion on each of their pedals. The contest started and before five minutes had slipped o'er the watch, a merry battle was on—the prettiest seen in the gym for many moons. The fourth high reps took the lead for the first half but the "senes" rallied and tied the score for the second session. Time went on, and over, and still neither side with an advantage. But when ten minutes were over time, there was a frantic silence, an anxious hush, a leather pill floating through the circled bars, a piercing whistle and—Fourth high was the conqueror by a 34 to 32 score.

"Satis verborum."

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The high school students are looking forward to a representative baseball team in their class for the coming season. There is plenty of talent in the academy, which should show up well when the old horsehide begins to sail about the yard.

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Now that the Lenten season has passed us by, the boys can resume their old hobbies and throw themselves into a more humorous atmosphere. Some of the gentlemen have made little confessions of their humorous experiences during Lent. Ed McDonnell ventures this one: "I pass a convent every morning on my way to school. Generally a young lady rushes out, hands me a glass of seltzer water, tells me to straighten up and hurry on to school. Contemporaneous with her action another fair damsel sits in a two story window (a la Juliet) and quotes the famous classical authors at me. Her latest assertion is Cato's remark, 'It is better for a young man to blush than to turn pale.'" Well done, Eddie, we suggest you take a different course on your way to school, you poor little peppina. You know, Ed, there's a broken light for every "harp" on Broadway.

* * * * *

Red Shannon sat in a "draught" in the Physic lecture hall, got a little "cold" to some one, who suggested that he needed a little "punch."

Ray Gilbo, our Billie Burke from Akron, Ohio, was glancing back at his neighbor in class the other day. The professor called him to order and asked the reason of his looking around so often. Ray yawned, zipped a gesture and replied, "Well you see, professor, I come from the 'rubber' city; that's a habit I've got."

* * * * *

9:01 A. M. Quiet reigns in the commonwealth of Fourth High. Industry is at fever heat.

9:02 A. M. Hinges creak, door slams, a hush of fright, then a terrified shriek, "America is invaded." Meantime the innocent instigator stands in bewilderment at door. Follows a hoarse shout, "It's Von Hindenburg." Every one in the class ducks in his trench. A doughty band surrounds him after sallying from trench. "But why all this excitement?" squeaks Mally from depths of his trench. Fourth High stands firm in spite of him. Then—there was an understanding. Result and Reason. Jim Cozzens had gone to a German barber and emerged from the chair with a Von Hindenburg hair cut. Yes, Sherman said it.

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Tom Morris has convinced us that he has "some" loud voice. We have it from authentic sources that Tom is going to play the "role" of Thunder in our next play.

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In consideration of his histrionic ability displayed in the magnificent "Hail Cybele" scene, Dorsey has received numerous offers from New York managers. We have a hunch that Walter Ganymede will be snatched up by the "gallery gods"—apologies to Hon. Virgil.

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For F. G. Klienhenz's benefit we will herewith present the definition of "costume"—(Kos'-tum) noun, dress in general (2) style of dress (3) a walking or tailor made dress (4) a ludicrous attire for masquerade. Which as you see is by no means "abbreviated." Frank was probably confused with custom tailor signs, when, referring in a debate to the customs of the uncivilized South Americans. You meant "customs," but said, "costumes," did you, Frank? Sure.

* * * * *

The Class of Second A of St. Ignatius College expresses its earnest condolences and the heartfelt sympathy which it feels for William Giblin and the members of his family in their hour of bitter sorrow. Our sincerest hope is that the Comforter of the afflicted and the Queen of Angels his beloved father invoked in his dying moments will serve as a lasting consolation that his soul has gone to its reward. On Monday, April 10th, the whole student body assembled at Requiem High Mass in St. Mary's Church. Suffrage of the class.

We will make this a time explosive bomb. It is for the benefit of all concerned in the noble work we are endeavoring to undertake. Well, here it is. Certain characters believe that when another begins to sing, it is their duty to help him out. Everybody knows you are familiar with the latest song hits. So don't begin to blow your natural pipe until called upon. Another thing we wish to remind you of. Don't begin to sing unless you know the words. An example of this evil: A member of the class started a song like this, "If you don't like your Uncle Sarah—don't hand her the bite she's feeding you"; another, "Our cow gives butter—it has St. Vitus dance"; another, "You can do without them, when you're with them or without"; still another, "If you only had my 'disposition' you would be robbing me all the time."

Note: We are thankful to Ralph Koehler, Harriet Beecher Sands, James Montgomery Vever, Laura Jean Mahoney, Ella Wheeler Whitty, Clara Kimball Smith for suggesting and advancing this timely editorial. Interment at Calvary. Newburg papers, please copy.

* * * * *

* Sinecures

(*High-brow for "soft snap")

Answering Rhetorical Questions.

Steve Brodie Bojasko playing second fiddle according to Steve Brojasko.

Raking a roof garden.

Watering wax flowers.

Bartender in the Paris Salon.

Feeding a Virgil "pony" (you don't give him oats—rather notes.)

Serving in the Woman's Auxiliary, O. N. G.

Quasi Queries

Is it necessary to have a poetic license to sing, "Drink to me only with thine eyes?"—J. O. H.

Are our lunch counter waiters "tipical" waiters?—E. A. M.

Would it necessarily lead one to believe that my lady friend had a sweet disposition because I call her "honey?"—R. F. D.

Has Falstaff beer got a "stick" in it?—B. V. D.

I admit that Washington was first in war, first in peace—but was he not the second husband of Martha Washington? Therefore, he was not first in the hearts of his countrywomen, was he?—C. O. D.

Are the statute books art museums?—McAronie.

Has Jerry Hanley obtrusive thumbs because they are always in the soup?—D. I. G.

Loyola High School Notes

Painesville Painesville staged the finale of the basketball season at Loyola. The game was fast, and inclined to be rough. Two weeks of inaction shows its effect upon the Loyola quintet.

Loyola 14, Painesville 17

Basketball The basketball season was pronounced a successful one by all. The team work might have been better, but the individual playing was excellent. Captain Sweeney, and Keegan, who played his first season with the Varsity, deserve especial praise.

Four of the present team will return next year, giving promise of a whirlwind season.

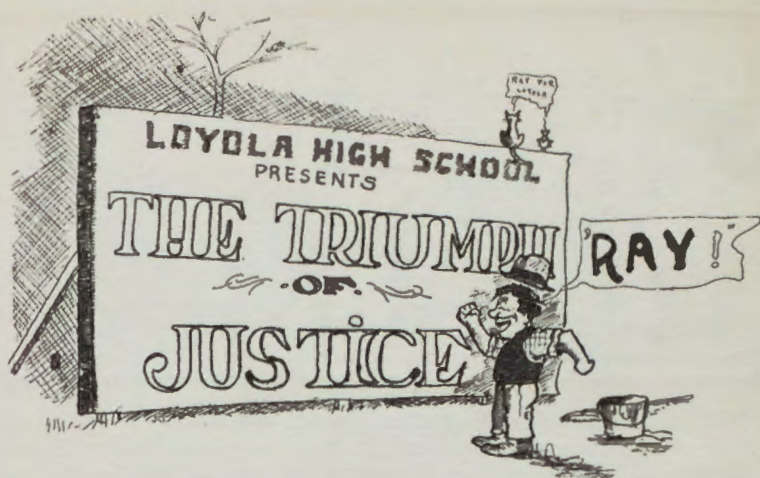
* * * * *

Baseball The crack of the bat and the slap of the ball have replaced the shrill call of the referee's whistle. The baseball candidates were ordered out for spring practice by Captain McCarthy. Immediately there was a sharpening of spikes, oiling of gloves, etc. About thirty aspiring Cobbs and Kauffs turned out. They immediately proceeded to smash records—and windows. The next day the school resembled a vaccination institute or a cripples' home. Everybody had a stiffened wing, or a painful walk.

The outlook for the team is especially bright this season. Sands, our star twirler, has already reached mid-season form. The infield looks like Verdun,—a fort everywhere. McCarthy is at the initial sack, Hoynes and Braun at the keystone station, Keegan at short, and Joe Martin at third. The outfield is fast and hard-hitting. Manager Smith has arranged games with some of the best teams in northern Ohio. Local teams are also to be found on the schedule.

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The Play The rehearsals for Loyola's play are rapidly reaching perfection under the direction of Reverend Father Gorman. Indeed, Booth and Barrett would turn green with envy beholding such dramatic ability. The hero is dashing, the villain villainous. Everything is there that goes with a fine play. It will be presented at the Duchess Theatre, May 3rd. We expect to hang out the Standing Room Only sign very early in the evening. So get in line for your seats!

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Elocution Contest The elocution preliminaries were held during the first week in April. Great interest is being displayed in the coming contest, and the spirit of rivalry thus far exhibited predicts an interesting contest. It will be held about the middle of May.

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Newman Literary At the last meeting of the Newman Literary Society, a very popular question was debated. "Resolved, that Saturday should replace Thursday as the weekly contest." The negative was successfully upheld by Messrs. Smith and Carlin, against Messrs. McCarthy and Braun.

Senior Nut (quoting Jack London)—I was raised on bear meat.

Senior Smith—A mere trifle; I was raised on dressed beef.

Junior—What's dressed lumber?

Soph—Clothes poles, I guess.

GEORGE TROY, '16.



It seems that our call for spring poetry was not heeded for not a piece of vernal verse did we receive. Our little select band of poets and litterateurs seems to have deserted us and gone to camp on the ball field. When things come to such a pass that poets desert their pen for the ball and bat it is a sure sign that the poets are batty (unintentional, we assure you). However, our faithful friend and standby, Bud Bungart, has condescended to help us out with the following:

"Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni."—Horace.

Winter has packed his circus tents and has taken the last train north. Poets are digging up their rhyming dictionaries and their black pipes, college boys are falling asleep of afternoons, and I feel a disposition to go a-gunning for Monsieur Musquash. There is a pond about half a mile away where musquashes go gondoliering by moonlight. I make a lean-to of last year's goldenrods and proceed to watch the dying day. I look up through the twilight air at the evening star and the moon, one going down in the west and the other rising in the east. Garish day, with his hopes and fears and troubles, has left the stage. Night with her heterogeneous orchestra has not yet appeared, so I look at the scenes and admire the combinations of light and shadow on the water. While I am thus occupied a Musquash comes sculling up the lighted space of water. The dog in my lap eagerly sniffs the air and peers upstream. I turn the old Krupp upstream an inch at a time for the moonlight is on the barrels and I must be careful; besides the dog knows what is coming and he doesn't want to miss anything. At last the swimmer is close enough. Bang! The dog leaps out of my arms, runs upstream, scans the banks and the water and then turns and as much as says, "Old boy, that's another clean miss. What's the matter?" But about that time I take another squint at the market-house clock and come back to earth again.

Very good, Buddy, but why go hunting with a lap dog that you have to hold in your arms while you are busy with the shotgun? Well, come again, anyhow.

The jolly little freshmen bunch was gathered round the cheery radiator. The world-famous lecturer, "String" Brennan, was relating some of the experiences encountered during his travels. Except for a resonant snore now and then, not a sound could be heard.

"Yes," String was saying, "the rubber industry in Arkon seems to have a strange effect upon the people there. The rubber-workers are constantly yawning and stretching and at night are awfully tired."

"Bum pun," chimed in Tommy Doran, another famous lecturer. "But speaking of tires, have you noticed that many autoists have taken to the street cars lately?"

"Yes," came Squirrel McCann's rippling voice, "the crowds have becomes so bad on the cars they crowd into the motorman's vestibule. I'm surprised that some of the motormen aren't electrocuted being so close to high-power electricity all the time."

"C'est impossible," was Tommy's calm rejoinder. "Don't you know that motormen are non-conductors?"

"Kill him," cried the bunch. "We'll sell his cadaver to pay for our banquet."

"Hold!" exclaimed Tommy. "Allow me to ask at least one question before I die. If you had one thousand soldiers and nine hundred and ninety-nine pears, and you wanted to give each soldier a pear, what would you do?"

"Draw for a pair," came the quick reply from Chuck Raynor, who knows all about such things.

"Naw," said Tommy, disgustedly. "Shoot one of the soldiers."

Then someone had presence of mind enough to send in a riot call.

* * * * *

We take back what we said about not receiving a single spring poem. Just about the time the magazine was going to press, Ray Craft rushed into the sanctum and made our heart glad with the following pretty piece of poetry:

The Motorist's Spring Training

See the madman! How he grovels,
Writhing, twisting on the floor.
With a thousand fiends he struggles
Hand to hand in combat sore.

Now an imp imaginary
His vengeful hands grip by the throat,
And in battle sanguinary
Fit him for a wooden coat.

What! You say he is not crazy?
 Now, my friend, what's wrong with you?
 See that vacant eye and hazy !
 Why, you must be crazy, too!

Or, mayhap, he's only feigning
 To escape things worse by far.
 Wrong, my friend, he's merely training,
 He is going to buy a car.

Well he knows that countless hours
 Underneath his balky scow
 Are spent amid the sylvan bowers,
 And he wants to practice now.

* * * * *

We notice that it has become the style among the metropolitan newspapers and magazines to have a "Bright-Sayings-of-the-Children" Department. Therefore we have inaugurated a similar department in our own Driftwood, and we will print the cutest sayings received. Send them in, boys. The first one is about none other than our own William Keefe, who is quite a poet, as can be seen from his poems in this issue. Here goes:

"A hundred winters snowed upon his breast,
 From cheek and throat and chin."

Prof.: "Will Keefe, what meaning does the author wish to convey by these lines?"

Bill: "Oh, I guess he means that the guy needs a shave."

* * * * *

This next will give some idea of the reputation Chuck Raynor has around the college. It occurred during religion class.

Chuck: "Professor, is it possible that an angel could fall and be damned?"

Prof.: "No, they've had their trial."

Porky Gallagher: "Don't worry, kid, you're safe."

* * * * *

The mustache epidemic seems to have struck this fair seat of learning a heavy blow for several sophs and freshies have succumbed to its horrors. Whether the advent of spring has anything to do with it or whether it is due to New York style, we know not. Be that as it may, they have formed a "Hirsute Club," a hispidulous upper lip being the only qualification necessary to join. The club picture, taken especially for Driftwood, is shown herewith.

HIRSUTE CLUB



M'CANN - E. HAYES - MORAN - BUNGART - SIKORSKI
WARTH - BRICKEL - A. SOMMER - NASH - T. GALLAGHER

Tommy Doran (whose name by the way appears quite frequently in this month's Driftwood) pulls off the following about his friend Fowler:

There was a young roughneck* named Fowler,
Who frequently hastened ** the growler***;
A cop' saw him one night,
They got in a fight,
And Walt got a ride in the howler."

* Vulgar term for low-down disagreeable individual.

** Technical term for "rushed."

*** Vulgar term for a quart of intoxicating liquor.

' Colloquial for an officer of the law.

" Police conveyance.

Bud Bungart, after arguing with Gray about the molecular hypothesis and the rights of Germany in crossing Belgian territory, sat down and dashed off the following in a blaze of inspiration:

To a Bore

Hail to thee, dark spirit;
Man thou never wert,
That from Hades, or near it,
Shootest thy dark dart
With reckless ease untaught by any art.

Nigher still and nigher
To the earth thou cringest,
Like an object dire;

To my mind thou bringest
Thoughts that ever bore, and boring ever stingest.

What thou art we dare not
Take the pains to say;
From donkey throats there come not
Words so near a bray
As from thy presence showers a hail of parody.

We look before and after,
And fear at what we see;
Our sincerest laughter
Cannot ever be,
When, figuratively speaking, thou hast us up a tree.

Tell us, man bereaved,
Whose poor words are thine.
I had ne'er believed
Sounds of beeves or kine
Were ever quite as bad as yours are asinine.

* * * * *

The same is guilty of the following, which he calls

The Reason

A big, fluffy owl
Looked at us with a scowl.
"Mr. Owl," we asked with a howl,
"Are you indeed a wise old fowl?"
"Yes," said the owl, "I know my cue.
I close my mouth and ne'er say boo!
Unless, perchance, to ask 'Hoo, Hoo?'
Now I call that quite cute, don't you?"

* * * * *

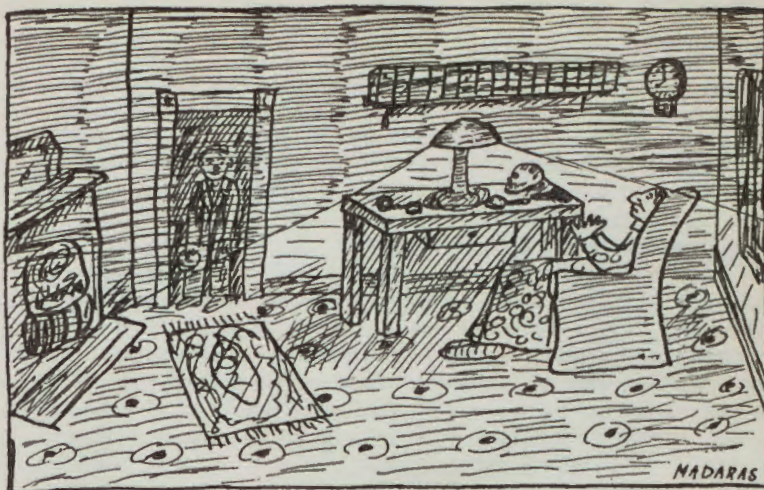
The famous detective, Purlock Hones, sat in his study. He had just unraveled the famous forgery case, in which beer checks were duplicated with marvelous accuracy, and was feeling elated. Suddenly the door opened, and the brilliant student, J. Blavvitch, entered.

"Ah," remarked Hones, "A school boy, I see—and studying Greek."

Blavvitch was astounded. "How do you know that?" he cried.

"Well," said Hones, "I can see peeping from your pocket a little book with the name, 'Interlinear Translation of Plato's Apology'; the rest was easy. But what did you wish to see me about?"

"I have just begun the study of trigonometry," remarked J. Blavvitch,



"and I have met with more difficulty than might be expected from one of my capabilities. How many minutes should I devote to the study of this fascinating subject?"

"Ah," returned Hones, "the question is exceedingly portentous, and yet we may find it to be easy of unraveling. Call again at twenty-three minutes after ten tonight. His hat, Doctor Swatson."

Promptly at 10:23 the young student, J. Blavvitch, rang the bell and was ushered into Hones' study. Hones was scrutinizing the finger-prints on a wienerwurst sausage, but paused and said: "As soon as you left I had Doctor Swatson cable to Vienna for a trigonometry text-book. Of course, I might have got one here at home, but they are untrustworthy. As soon as it arrived I began to study it. In one hour and seventeen minutes I was master of its contents. When I computed the time required for an ordinary intelligence to duplicate this action, and took into consideration that you will finish the book in four months, I found no difficulty in deducing that you would only have to study it until you know it all thoroughly. Before you go, I must ask you to be more careful in handling hydrochloric acid, for a less astute sleuth than I might take the stains to be nicotine or sulphuric acid. No, keep your dime. I never accept pay. Show him the door, Swatson, and bring me the records of the case where I outwitted the seventeen Dalton brothers in the dog kidnaping plot, or the sausage factory murders."

(Next issue our readers may expect a thrilling narrative of one of Hones' earliest adventures, from the pen of Doctor Swatson.)

T. J. DORAN.

Book Review

Virgil, \$1.50 (book store).

A fair selection by that famous writer, bearing the name of of its author. It is rather "windy" in parts, and too much of this is likely to give the reader a scruple as to its reliability and its truthfulness. It is too much on the style of the "Wreck of the Hesperus" and leaves frequent openings for uncouth sounds which can be provoked on the spur of the moment.

The Iliad, by Homer; \$1.50 (book store).

A very interesting novel, containing sufficient musical words and pleasant sounding phrases to keep anyone up "spell bound" way into the night. The author confuses the reader in places with too many characters who appear to say he is the father of this person, the son of so and so, king of this place. Relationship is involved. We suggest that Homer leave out the relatives, which is good policy at all times. Let him ask Potash and Perlmutter. Outside of this one fault it is tuneful, diverting and sprightly.

The Anabasis, by Xenophon; second hand; any place.

A book that lacks in interest. It merely relates the experiences of a gentleman named Xenophon, who "springs" too many "Ford" jokes. For this reason we criticize the book so severely. The author should not allow commercialism to creep into the book. Let Mr. Ford advertise his car otherwise than in a book that was meant for the education of the people. Again we criticize the author for the numberless jarring repetitions, "Thence he marches a three days' journey for thirty parasangs." There are too many "marches" taking place in one winter. Cicero's Orations, by Cicero; \$1.50; book store.

A tale of an aspiring young lawyer whose lot it was to surpass all others of his class. His dealings are mostly in the court rooms subsequent to his admittance to the "bar." The fact that bar is mentioned throughout the piece (but in the professional sense) is not in the least conducive to good morals to younger persons who will read it.

My Fireside Study, by Hamilton Wright Maybe; \$1.00; library.

A good romance. The writer's mania for fire strongly suggests the incendiary; however, the author is humorous in parts. This humor we object to because there are too many bald puns, fr instance, "I've seen an apple with a beautiful head of hair, now I'd like to see a 'Baldwin.'" Please omit flowers. Berea papers please copy. In memoriam.

DAN I. GALLAGHER, '19.

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Well, boys, we beg to break off short this time, as we are in the midst of exams and time is worth about two dollars a minute. Don't forget those promised contributions. So long, till June, that most joyous month.

EDWARD F. MADARAS, '18.

Athletic Notes

On the eve of Ireland's patron feast day the Varsity clashed with the Alumni as the closing event of the 1916 basketball season. The Ignatius regulars displayed the proverbial "last kick" and booted the Alumni to a 48 to 37 score. The boys seemed to marshal all their pep that was misdirected during the season and "vollyed and thundered" the former adherent of the blue and gold before a crowd that was well worth the occasion. Coach Savage played the honor role for the Alumni and gathered most of their hard fought points. "Rough" Murray very favorably answered the question of "What's in a name." Lupie Wolf, while he did not travel as fast as his name would imply, managed to cover quite a bit of territory (standing still). Jack Filaked Daly practice and was not in good condition.

Ignatius		Alumni
Ripton.....	R. F.	Savage
Hayes.....	L. F.	Murray
L. Sommer.....	C.	Wolf-Daly
Murphy.....	R. G.	Filak
Dorsey.....	L. G.	Brady

Referee—D. Gallagher. Scorer—Shannon.

* * * * *

The free-for-all leagues closed after a very favorable season. But following on their close came the games of all games, those class battles. Some of the classes were so enthusiastic over their teams' first showing that they essayed to deck them out in a complete paraphernalia. None bought crimson but now as the season draws to a close all are taking a bloody tint. Those varsity games are poor, when it comes to exciting interest and enthusiasm among the fellows. Each class formed a rooter's club and if a member was absent he was black-listed from the benefits both temporal and spiritual of the class. This perhaps sounds strange, but you realize how the professor is feeling when his class pushes home the bacon a la carte

There are three leagues: The Senior League, with teams representing Senior, Sophomore, Freshmen and FOURTH HIGH. At present the Fourth High, a little lower in grade but not in basketball ability, are topping the percentatge column with a grand average of 1,000, thanks to Dan Gallagher and Red Shannon. The Junior League, comprises teams from the second and third years of high school. In this league Third B or rather Chink Mahoney is leading the field, although Third A has defeated them just recently in a game that exceeded the speed limit by five minutes. The third league numbers

among its fold such star aggregations as First A, B and C (not a car line) and Second A juniors. First A is romping away with the prize honors. Bud Walsh, captain, is the star. Coach Savage can name among his 1920 varsity prospects, Red Joyce, Bud Walsh, Zah Ahern, Russ Whelan, McGinness, Joe O'Dea, Roth, Steper, Madden, Surtz Bojsko, Paul Curran, Charley McCann and Willie Whitty.

* * * * *

The youngsters are waiting patiently for the Sun to burst forth into our fair town and flood it with enough warm weather to start the baseball season. A Thursday morning league is in the making with the game to be played at Edgewater.

* * * * *

The Varsity

Fifty aspiring athletes with hearts overflowing with confidence, have responded to the call for candidates. The presence of such infield stars as Wise, Sommers, Murphy, Hayes, Dorsey and T. Gallagher will cause Coach Savage to lose no sleep o' nights. McGraw, Bud Murphy and Harks bear all the ear-marks of A-1 receivers. Mound artists who seem to have more than a glove are plentiful. We mention several: Brickel, Kilway, Copp, Heidelberg, Bungert and Cur (also) ran. In the outfield we daily see such speed-kings as Dorsey, R. Gallagher, Danny Gallagher, Mahoney, Warth, etc. Are prospects roseate for a rattling good varsity? They are, sir; yes, sir, they are roseate.

* * * * *

The Schedule

Steamer Kegg, our jovial manager, after six weeks of continuous worry, proudly presents us with the following schedule:

April 19—Baldwin-Wallace, at Cleveland

April 24—Findlay College, at Findlay, Ohio.

April 27—Heidelberg University, at Tiffin, Ohio.

May 6—Heidelberg University, at Cleveland.

May ..—Hiram College, at Cleveland.

May 18—Findlay College, at Cleveland.

May 25—Hiram College, at Hiram, Ohio.

May 26—Mt. Union College, at Cleveland.

May 30—St. Bonaventure College, at St. Bonaventure, N. Y.

May 31—Niagara University, at Niagara, N. Y.

June 1—Canisius College, at Buffalo, N. Y.

June 3—University of Detroit, at Cleveland.

And Steamer says: "Chances are bright for playing five of our home games at League Park." Hurrah for Steamer!

R. G. GALLAGHER, '18.

Exchanges

Oh Popoi!! If Tacitus had only lived up to his name, and kept silent, he would not have spoiled my Lenten resolution to retire early. But he has kept me up late at night trying to piece together his tale about a certain farmer named Agricola who was such a model that Domitian had to feed him poison to prevent his making the Romans a race of saints. Tacitus' parents must have known what they were about when they christened their precocious offspring. I presume that during his waking hours he was such a brazen lunged herald that they waited until their son was asleep and then nicknamed Tacitus, or Silenced.

But oh! if he had only remained so! He has taken up so much of our time, that we have been almost estranged from the Exchange Department. And so we ask our readers to be content with hearing the compliments of only two magazines. However, we read with great pleasure these worthy papers also and are ever anxious to welcome them here.

Helianthos, The Dial, De Paul Minerval, Creighton Chronicle, The Profile, Canisius Monthly, Marquette University Journal, and the Niagara Index.

* * * * *

Fleur De Lis It is not an everyday occurrence to have a garden consisting of one flower; indeed it is a very rare curiosity, but wonders never cease, and we are glad that such wonders as the Fleur de Lis are still with us. It is a garden in which beautiful thoughts are nodding side by side with gems of intellect and truth.

A unique feature of the articles is the fact that the articles treat nearly exclusively of plays, players, or playwrights. Not in a long time have we seen the pro-Bacon arguments presented in so favorable and convincing a light as they are in Sir Lawrence's "Bacon is Shakespeare." It is a most scholarly treatise which deeply engraves the name of Bacon as the most magnificent in the history of the language. But more is the pity that such a brilliant man should have been guilty of the charges named in "Lord Bacon," an interesting essay that deals with the public life of Bacon.

The drama itself furnishes the theme for the next two articles. In "The Stage of Catholic Europe," the evolution of the drama is nicely told, and the truth about the so-called "Dark Ages" is clearly presented. One would be immediately attracted by the title "Sophocles, Shakespeare and Suicide," nor would one regret having read this piece, contrasting the philosophy of Sophocles and Shakespeare.

The stories are worthy of the Fleur de Lis both in the manner of execution and in the lessons given out. "Sob Philosophy" is an excellent editorial, one that we wish could have appeared in Cleveland during a recent murder trial.

The Fleur de Lis is certainly a representative publication. We are always glad to see it in our Sanctum.

A. C. J. BRICKEL.

* * * * *

Loyola University Magazine They say that we appreciate most highly what we have to work for. Since this is true I have placed a double value on the March number of the LOYOLA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE; first of all because I had to read it with a knife in hand—no, not on account of any Lariat Lou thrillers—but in order to open the pages; in the second place because the subject matter deserves praise.

There is a good balance between stories and essays, with just enough verse to give the Muse an entrance on the stage. I scarcely know which article I liked most since the excellencies of one were forgotten as the merits of another shone before me; so I will say, like the little girl to her ten aunts, "I like you all the best."

Some real thinking is displayed in the editorials on matters muddled into the mud by the people at large in crippled theories and double jointed practices which they can twist wherever the wind blows. Shrapnel is spicy stuff. The departments are ably handled.

ARTHUR C. J. BRICKEL, '17.

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